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THE LIVES

OF

CELEBRATED CHILDREN.

'Oh, a thousand-fold blessed,
The child whom the Lord loves,
Who early hears his voice,
And whom God himself instructs.'

RACINE.

BOSTON:
CHARLES TAPPAN.
1845.

Lack

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PREFACE.

The biography which is now respectfully offered to the public is, we believe, the one best adapted to the improvement and encouragement of youth; as it consists, exclusively, of the lives of children, who, dying before mature age, have distinguished themselves by extraordinary literary attainments, and nobleness of character.

A judicious selection of the lives of those, who, at an early age, have become celebrated in the various departments of literature, or in displays of

heroic devotion and filial duty, is well calculated to arouse emulation, stimulate exertion, and lay the foundation of future excellence.

This work abounds in interesting historical events; it is highly instructive and strictly moral; and no pains have been spared to render it worthy a place in the library of every youth.

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EDWARD THE SIXTH,

KING OF ENGLAND.

Born in 1537. *Died in* 1552.

Edward the Sixth was a prince of unusual excellence of character. From his birth he was sickly and feeble. Scarcely out of the hands of his nurse, he was placed under the care of Drs. Fox and Cheex, who, by their superior endowments, were well qualified to instruct one, upon whom the hopes of a great nation rested.

Besides an uncommon willingness to obey, and a modesty very rare among children surrounded by flatterers, the young prince manifested a remarkable disposition for study. The most abstruse subjects were to him the most interesting. And his rapid advancement in moral and intellectual

science, both gratified and astonished his preceptors.

Before he had reached his fourteenth year, he was able to speak with facility and accuracy the French and the Latin languages, and could write in Greek as well as the innocent and unfortunate Jane Grey, his cousin, who perished on the scaffold at the age of seventeen. The Spanish and Italian languages he was equally familiar with; and had moreover gained a good knowledge of mathematics, logic, and political economy. In addition to these solid acquisitions, he was amiable, agreeable, and very accomplished; and for his preëminent moral virtue, he received the surname of 'Edward the Pious.'

The conversation, as well as the countenance of the prince was exceedingly attractive. No less liberal than learned and witty, he frequently asked for money which he never appropriated to his own use, but expended it in the purchase of costly books

for gifts to those of his companions whom he loved.

Many anecdotes in proof of his generosity are recorded, one of which we will here relate. His godfather, the Archbishop of Canterbury, gave him, when he was but five years old, an entire set of dishes and plates made of solid silver, and of superior workmanship. When the servant of the young prince brought to him this splendid present, he said, 'My lord, these are for you. You must be careful that other children do not handle and spoil them.' 'Do not speak thus,' immediately replied the child, 'if no one but myself can touch my playthings, I would rather have none.'

When the servant had withdrawn, Edward called his associates around him, and invited them to dine upon his new table-set. After the friendly feast was over, he begged each of his little guests to accept as a present, whichever silver dish pleased him the most; then, cordially embracing them all, he added, 'my friends, do not hes-

itate to receive these, I can easily obtain others, if I wish for them.'

When this interesting prince became king, his ministers were, unfortunately, as corrupt as he was virtuous. It was to their unbounded and evil ambition that the disturbances which occurred during his short reign are justly to be attributed. No one ever ascended the English throne, more exemplary in his conduct, more pure in morals, more just and high minded, than Edward the Sixth.

He died at the age of sixteen, not in consequence of his arduous duties, as some historians have asserted, but from the effects of a slow poison, which was given to him by his prime minister. Possessing every requisite for a ruler over a mighty people, and acting alone for the prosperity and happiness of the nation, he was stricken down by a concealed, cowardly murderer, at the very dawn of his illustrious career.

JANE GREY,

QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

Born in London, in 1537. *Died on the Scaffold, in* 1554. *At the age of Seventeen.*

Of all the princesses celebrated in history, there is no one who excites such a lively interest as Jane Grey, the niece of Henry the Eighth. Adorned with all the graces which render her sex fascinating; possessing great intelligence and piety, a cultivated mind, and high rank, with all its accompanying influences, she nevertheless experienced the most cruel reverses; exhibiting, however, in the depth of her misfortune, the firmness of a heroine, and the resignation of a Christian.

Edward the Sixth, the young and invalid prince, was governed by War-

wick, the Duke of Northumberland. This ambitious favorite, not content with the authority and immense wealth which he possessed, aspired to make the crown of England pass into his own family. With this view, he artfully excluded from the throne the Princess Mary, who was the nearest heiress; then skilfully exerting the ascendency which he had acquired over young Edward, the duke prevailed upon him to change the order of succession; and caused Guilford Dudley, one of his sons, to marry Jane Grey; she being the true successor to Henry the Eighth, only in case of the death of Mary and Elizabeth, the eldest daughters of that depraved and tyrannical monarch.

The letters-patent, which confirmed the disinheritance of the legitimate heirs, were signed and sealed in a private and precipitate manner. A short time after this illegal act, an event occurred which greatly favored the intrigues of the crafty minister; and which he was strongly suspected of

having brought about by poison. This was no less than the death of Edward the Sixth, who, universally respected for his highly estimable qualities, expired at the early age of sixteen.

Taking advantage of the wishes of the late king, the Duke of Northumberland proclaimed the Lady Jane Grey as the rightful sovereign of England, and produced the letters-patent conferring this right, which he had until then concealed. Being invited to accept the crown, Jane Grey learnt, with much apprehension, the ambitious designs of her father-in-law. She rebuked him for attempting to further his own selfish ends by forcing her into a station, the responsibility of which she dreaded, and which she feared did not by right belong to her.

Alarmed by a refusal which he had not anticipated, Warwick opposed it by all the pretexts which his blind ambition could invent. Dudley, the husband of the young princess, and the Duke of Suffolk, her father, sided with Warwick, and employed the

most persuasive arguments they could suggest, to induce her to alter her mind. Jane, who tenderly loved her husband, yielded at last to his entreaties; but, having a presentiment of the unfortunate result of her decision, she was far from rejoicing over the prospects of her future elevation.

Her consent being thus reluctantly given, Jane Grey, accompanied by Dudley, was conducted to the Tower of London, according to the established usage, and there declared queen; the proclamation for the coronation being afterwards read throughout the city.

If superior merit deserved a throne, Jane was certainly entitled to it rather than Mary. Beautiful, without affectation; learned, without pedantry; amiable, accomplished, just and good, she excelled in an infinite degree, the relative whose place her friends had compelled her to usurp. High-minded and benevolent from her childhood, her only weakness was in yielding, against her better judgment, to the

urgent solicitations of those whom she loved better than herself.

It was not long, before the people, becoming dissatisfied with this usurpation of power, flocked in great numbers, to the standard of Mary. She presented her claims as the lawful heiress, and they were acknowledged with unanimity. She was invested with the sovereign power, and, wronged as she believed herself to have been, thought from that moment only of revenge.

Jane Grey, who had accepted the crown with extreme reluctance, and who resigned it with undisguised pleasure, was taken from the palace to a prison, and from thence to execution. No plea of kindred; of common interest; of innocence of motive; in short, nothing which could be offered in extenuation, sufficed to soften the hard heart of the barbarous and bloody Mary. She, with her husband, was condemned to death.

The unfortunate young princess received the announcement of her con-

demnation with perfect calmness. She betrayed no agitation until the moment when the bloody remains of her husband, who was beheaded before her prison window, were brought within her view. Her sorrow seemed then overwhelming, but recovering her previous composure by a strong effort, she is related to have said, 'This mangled body is but a small part of yourself, my husband. The nobler portion is already in heaven. I am going soon to rejoin you, and there our union will be indissoluble.'

After uttering these words, she prepared herself for death, with that tranquillity which none but the consciously innocent or noble-minded can command. She ascended the scaffold with as much ease and grace, says the historian Larray, as she exhibited on mounting the throne. When there, she addressed the people in the following words: 'If I accepted a crown which was not mine, it was through obedience to my parents, who urged me to do it. Ambition had no part in

my involuntary error. I will not attempt here to justify myself. The law ordains that I should lose my life, and I submit, without murmuring. I trust that my death will prove that a guiltless person may be executed, and also that it is far better for the innocent to suffer, than that the safety of the nation should be endangered.'

Thus speaking, Jane Grey knelt down, and commending her pure soul to the Almighty Creator and Judge of all, received, quietly and with submission, the fatal blow.

Her enchanting grace, the uncommon beauty of her person, and the calm composure with which, in the loneliness of her prison, she contemplated her approaching death, so captivated the lieutenant of the Tower, that this officer earnestly begged her to leave him some token, however slight, which might recall her to his remembrance. She immediately wrote upon a strip of paper, which she gave to the lieutenant, the following sentence:

'The death which I am about to suffer, may seem to men an evidence of guilt; but he, who sees and knows all things, judges more justly.'

Thus perished, in the very flower of her age, the gentle, accomplished, and beautiful Jane Grey.

HENRY CHRISTIAN HEINECKEN.

Born at Lubec, in Lower Saxony, in 1720. *Died in the same City, in* 1725.

THE child whose life we are about to relate was a true literary phenomenon. If writers worthy of credit had not recited many particulars relative to his precocity, and the manner in which he was educated, we should have been led to doubt the existence of such an extraordinary genius.

Henry Christian was the son of Professor Heinecken, of the University of Leipsic, a man of extensive erudition, and an excellent instructor. As Henry was his only child, he endeavored, in his leisure moments, to teach him to speak when only eight months old. With this view, he pointed out to him, as well as he could, each ob-

ject which he wished him to observe, and then distinctly and repeatedly pronounced its name, and told its use, and its nature. Soon after giving a few lessons in this manner, the instructor was very much surprised to hear his pupil plainly pronounce words, and even sentences.

Astonished beyond description at the progress of his infant boy, the father continued his instructions daily, until, at the age of eighteen months, the little scholar had become acquainted with all the principal events in sacred history, and repeated them readily and correctly.

When two years and six months old, he had acquired a good knowledge of geography, and of the Greek and Roman history, and the genealogies of many noble families in Europe. Two years afterwards, he was able to speak the Latin and French languages, as well as the German, his native tongue.

His fame was now widely spread, and he became known in foreign

countries. A number of illustrious persons went to see him, and the King of Denmark sent to the parents an urgent invitation to bring their child to his capital. Accordingly, the little student, accompanied by his mother, went to Copenhagen.

That which is related concerning this prodigy would be hardly credible, were it not that the historian Martini, has, in a dissertation published in the year 1730, attested to its truth in an undeniable manner.

His agreeable countenance, the thick auburn hair falling in curls upon his shoulders, and his bright blue eyes, expressive of vivacity and intelligence, prepossessed the king at once in his favor. But as soon as he spoke, his distinct enunciation, pleasing intonation, and sweet voice, increased the interest, and commanded the attention of all around him. In the presence of a numerous and imposing company, he made a short speech in Latin, without forgetting any part of it, or being in the least disconcerted. After

the speech was ended, he recited some verses in French, which contained many flattering allusions to the queen and the princesses, who were present. When the young orator had done speaking, he was almost smothered by the caresses of his hearers.

A child, under five years of age, addressing a large and brilliant assembly of the lords and ladies of a royal court, in the dead languages, was certainly a most singular and astonishing spectacle.

The King of Denmark, approaching the mother of Henry to congratulate her upon the possession of a son so amiable and learned, asked her how it was possible for him to have acquired so much knowledge at such an early age. 'Sire,' replied she, 'by conversing with his father only, he has been instructed, as you perceive.'

This journey to Denmark was very gratifying to the young child and his mother. After being feasted and entertained throughout the country, with flattering distinction, they departed,

loaded with rich presents; young Henry received from the king a costly library of splendid works, no less entertaining than rare and curious.

On returning to Lubec, Henry prosecuted his studies, under the tuition of his father, with great perseverance and earnestness. Soon, however, he was observed to pine and sicken, daily losing strength and health, until, after a few weeks of suffering, he expired, in the fifth year of his age. What he would have accomplished, had his career been prolonged, it is impossible to tell. If his life was too short for the happiness of his parents and friends, it was yet long enough to obtain for him the highest rank among distinguished children.

AGATHA WATRIN.

Born in Verdun, France, in 1778. *Died in* 1793, *at the age of Fifteen.*

This young girl was the third daughter of a superior officer, distinguished by his great services under Louis the Fifteenth, and his unfortunate successor. General Watrin, imbued with the lofty sentiments of truth and honor, had strongly impressed upon the minds of his children, this great and excellent maxim: 'never tell a falsehood, not even in jest.'

This precept, the very foundation of the most elevated virtue, happily became deeply rooted in the heart of young Agatha. Many particulars of her childhood proved this; but the heroic trait of character, manifested at the moment when the executioner's

axe was raised over her head, suffices to immortalize this young child, and to merit for her the rare and honorable title of a 'Martyr for Truth.'

When the King of Prussia entered France for the first time, in order to deliver Louis the Sixteenth from captivity, he advanced from Longroy, a frontier city, to Verdun, where he was welcomed with enthusiasm by its inhabitants. Many ladies hastened to pay respect to the successor of the great Frederic, by presenting him with bouquets and garlands of flowers. Among those who were then introduced to the king, Agatha Watrin was conspicuous for her extraordinary beauty, and the ease and grace with which she offered, accompanied by a short address, her simple, pretty gift of a laurel crown. The Prussian monarch expressed, in strong terms, his admiration and gratitude, and the modest girl became the principal object of attraction. But, alas! this triumph for the family of Watrin was soon changed to bitter lamentation.

Henrietta and Helen, the eldest sisters of Agatha, and also young Agatha herself, were soon afterwards denounced as traitresses to their country, and arrested; having been accused of sending money at different times to the needy French emigrants. This praiseworthy action was considered a crime at a time when virtue and humanity were concealed under a mourning veil in France.

In consequence of this accusation, which was brought against them by the murderers, who, at that period, swayed a sceptre constantly covered with the blood of the innocent, these young victims were thrown into prison, and afterwards conducted, in haste, to Paris.

The grace and beauty of the three sisters moved the executioners themselves, says the author of the 'Dictionnaire Historique.' But of this assertion there is much reason to doubt. Those revolutionary monsters had a presentiment of the failure of their barbarous policy, and, if they were

agitated, it must have been because they feared that so atrocious a deed would terminate in a revolt of the people.

Fouquier de Tinville, one of their judges, privately informed the young Agatha, that, in order to obtain pardon for herself and her sisters, it was only necessary to deny before the tribunal, the truth of the accusation. How sublime was her answer! A simple denial would have saved her life; but, convinced that she had done a worthy action, Agatha did not wish to disguise the truth. 'I never told a falsehood,' said she, 'neither fear nor reward will induce me now to do so.'

Persisting in this resolution, the worthy daughter of Watrin imparted to her two eldest sisters the noble sentiment which animated herself. She spent the first part of the night previous to her execution in prayer; and then wrote to her sorrowing mother the following short letter which was found in her portfolio; for, by a cruelty which transcends belief, all communi-

cation was forbidden between the prisoners and those to whom they were connected by the most sacred ties.

'My dear Mother: My sisters and myself address you, alas! for the last time. We have prayed to God to give you and father the necessary strength to bear this affliction. The consolation we receive in this terrible hour is the consciousness of having done right, and as our beloved parents taught us to do. And we hope, dear father, kind mother, to meet you both in heaven, and there enjoy with you perfect and eternal happiness.'

After rapidly writing this letter, wet with tears, the young and courageous victim, with a calm and serene air, carefully arranged her head-dress, and clothed herself with a white robe, the symbol of innocence. Then, having placed in the hands of the keeper of the prison 2000 francs in bank notes, to be distributed among poor children, she tranquilly walked to the scaffold, where, after encouraging her sisters,

she received, with them, the fatal blow.

What a magnanimous example of virtue and respect for truth was here given by a girl of fifteen! How great the contrast with the base selfishness and falsehood which characterized that 'age of terror.'

FRANCESCO MICHELI.

Born at Tempe, in Sardinia, in 1654.

Francesco was the son of a rich carpenter in the island of Sardinia. He was ten years old when his father's house took fire and was burnt to the ground, together with all the property; in endeavoring to save which, his father lost his life. The mother escaped with her son and two daughters, but being obliged to cross the burning embers, her feet were dreadfully burnt, and she became a cripple for life. Suddenly ruined by this terrible accident, the unfortunate family were reduced to solicit charity for the relief of their pressing wants. Every day young Francesco went to his father's former acquaintances to beg for assistance. Alas! what little dependence can be

placed upon the sympathy of others! Our pretended friends are often the first to desert us as soon as we require aid. A cripple and an invalid, without money and without friends, the poor widow and her little children lived upon the scanty pittance which Francesco received from the charitable. This boy, filled with noble pride, felt an unconquerable repugnance to beggary. Extremely sensitive, the slightest refusal disconcerted him. He returned home, most of the time, with empty hands, and rushed to his mother's arms, who consoled and wept with him.

Entirely discouraged by this precarious manner of living, and grieved to witness the suffering of his dearly loved mother, Francesco became ingenious through necessity. He constructed a large aviary with willows, and filled it with wooden dishes and vessels for the use of birds, all of which he made with his little knife. Early in the spring, he went into the woods and set traps for birds. He, in

a short time had caught some linnets, goldfinches, and partridges. These he carefully fed and patiently instructed until they were quite tame, and would obey their young master. He taught them to perform such amusing and wonderful tricks, as surprised all who beheld them. Pleased with the acquirements of these birds, many persons bought them at high prices, and with the money thus obtained, this affectionate child would purchase whatever he thought his poor mother needed or desired.

Being very successful with his birds, he undertook to prepare a certain number for public exhibition. Having found, one day, a nest in the woods, containing ten young partridges, he brought them all to his home, and in a few weeks tamed them completely. He then harnessed them to small brass cannon, and exercised them every hour in drawing these little cannon across a table. Arming each bird with a small wooden sword, and ranging them in two files like soldiers, he made

them stand immovable before their cannon. At the word of command these feathered artillerists would light their matches from a small vase filled with coals ignited, and boldly fire off the loaded pieces; then they would wheel into line, and manœuvre in military fashion, at the sound of a little drum beat by their master. Among them was one of extraordinary sagacity, whose name was Rosetta. She followed her little teacher every where, flying by his side from house to house when in town, and from tree to tree when in the country. She was not only his companion, but shared with him his trouble in the aviary, by reducing to obedience the most ungovernable scholars. Our young bird-catcher instructed with particular care a beautiful goldfinch, whom he had promised to one of his lady customers. The ungrateful bird, dreaming of the blessings of liberty, one fine morning, took it into its foolish head to leave the cage, and fly away into a neighboring garden. For five days Francesco

mourned the loss of the truant, and had given up all hope of its return. Early on the sixth day, however, Rosetta was seen driving before her a bird, who was screaming most piteously, and endeavoring in vain to escape. What was the astonishment of Francesco when he saw his favorite partridge bringing back the lost goldfinch. The bird sneaked back to his cage, and concealed himself, as if ashamed, in a corner. Rosetta flew around the repentant runaway, and then alighting on the hand of her master, seemed to say, 'behold the vagabond!'

Little Francesco now lived contented and happy, for, by his industry, he lightened the cares of his mother, and administered to her comfort. This good child was unhappily torn from his afflicted family by the following distressing occurrence. He had gone to gather some 'lasseras,' a delicious species of mushroom, which grows in Sardinia. Not knowing the good from the bad, he ate a large quantity of the

latter, grew sick in consequence, and shortly died, notwithstanding the prompt assistance which was rendered to him.

It is generally believed that birds cannot show, and do not feel gratitude. The following facts, well known at the time, tend to disprove this groundless opinion.

During the three days of Francesco's illness, all of the birds were around his sick bed. Some remained with drooping wings near his pillow, while others flew over and around his bed, uttering mournful cries, and warbling softly and sadly. Many of them ate little or nothing after he was taken sick. Although in a dying state, Francesco observed the affection of the little creatures whom he had so tenderly nurtured. He displayed no anxiety about his own condition, but grieved much at the thought of leaving his mother destitute, and parting from his little feathered family forever. 'Alas!' cried he, from time to time,

'who will hereafter take care of my mother and my birds.'

It is related that Rosetta, the favorite bird, exhibited a strong attachment after the death of Francesco. When he was put into his coffin, the bird flew around it, perching at last upon it, and could not be driven away.

When the funeral proceeded to the burial-place, Rosetta followed the procession, and, perching upon a poplar tree near by, noticed the place where the remains of her friend were laid. On that spot she remained, day and night, only leaving occasionally for the purpose of seeking food. As long as the bird lived, she perched and slept on the tree overlooking his grave, or on the roof of a chapel in the burying-ground; which has since been named the 'cemetery of the young bird-tamer.'

JULIETTE D'AUBENCOURT.

Born at Pierre-Fort, in Auvergne, in 1720.
Died in 1735.

JULIETTE was the daughter of Henry D'Aubencourt, a rich nobleman, of Pierre-Fort, in France. Having lost her mother, when but six years old, she, with only two infant brothers, remained to soothe the sorrow of the afflicted father. Lord D'Aubencourt, desirous of giving his daughter a good education, engaged the most efficient instructors that could be obtained; and her rapid proficiency in her studies was a source of great gratification to her father, and of surprise to her teachers. Possessing a very retentive memory, she never forgot what she had once learned. Thoroughly acquainted with ancient

and modern literature, her conversation was uncommonly entertaining and instructive. Her father was well informed, and spent much of his time in the society of his accomplished daughter. Few ladies at twenty-five years of age equalled this young girl in useful and ornamental knowledge, in goodness of heart, and strength of moral principle. Besides her extraordinary attainments, she was modest and transcendently beautiful. None met her without delight or parted from her without regret. Simple in her attire, domestic in her habits, always occupied and always cheerful, she seemed like a blessed angel sent from heaven to comfort the heart of her widowed father, and teach her young brothers the way to be happy. She knew that the only path to happiness was found alone in doing good to others. This glorious precept, to 'do as we would be done by,' sent by God to man through the 'meek and lowly Jesus,' the 'now risen and exalted Redeemer of the World,' was

instilled early into the heart and mind of Juliette; and, guided entirely by it, she was affectionate and happy at all times and in every place.

> 'None knew her but to love her, —
> None saw her but to praise.'

How encouraging must it be to every youth to know, that it is in *their* power to be thus loved. That to abhor selfishness and be kind and do good to all is an easy thing, and the surest way to be happy in this world and in the world to come.

As Juliette's father was frequently absent on business, she was left at those times in charge of the house, and of her little brothers. A governess, it is true, lived in the chateau, hired to superintend the education of these little ones, but they loved Juliette best, and were sad and lonely when she was not with them. She administered to their wants, joined them in their amusements, and consoled them in their real or fancied sorrows.

This amiable family was accustomed to walk together every morning, in the beautiful grounds surrounding the mansion. There they received amusement and instruction by gathering and admiring the flowers and plants which our good and Almighty Father has scattered in such profusion over this beautiful earth. The book of Nature is always open and always interesting; and they who are taught to read and understand it, have, at all hours, a never-failing source of enjoyment and delight.

Being, one day, compelled by urgent business to set out on a journey to a distant city, Lord D'Aubencourt left the chateau, taking with him the tutor of his children; and Juliette and the governess continued the customary walks during their absence. After a few days, Juliette grew exceedingly desirous of prolonging their walk to the distant forest, and there to take a repast with her brothers. Consequently, every thing was prepared for the purpose; and they start-

ed, one pleasant morning, on this excursion. The sun shone warmly, the birds sang delightfully, and all the world seemed full of life and joy. Arriving at the appointed place, the small party seated themselves in the shade of the old forest trees, and partook of their rural feast.

While these young people were enjoying themselves with the thoughtless gayety natural to their age, dark clouds suddenly covered the sky, and the rolling of distant thunder was heard by the alarmed children. Every thing announced the approach of a violent storm. Juliette with the governess and her brothers hurried out of the forest, and had proceeded but a little way, when a fearful tempest came suddenly upon them. The wind uprooted the trees, and overturned the cottages of the peasants, while the rain poured down in torrents. The little children seemed paralyzed with terror. Juliette, whose presence of mind never deserted her, caught her youngest brother in her

arms, and directed the frightened governess to carry the other. They were more than two miles distant from the house, and they ran with all haste to reach it. The rain fell with such violence, that the fields were covered with water as far as the eye could reach.

To heighten their misfortunes, they were obliged to cross a ravine before reaching their home. Danger being at hand, and it being impossible to wait for assistance, Juliette and her companions attempted to cross the passage while it was yet fordable. Although the water reached above their girdles, and they lost their footing at every step; and although struggling in the water with the loudly-screaming children, their firmness did not forsake them; the governess being supported and encouraged by the cheerful voice and courageous bearing of the youthful Juliette.

Men would have, with difficulty, extricated themselves from this dangerous pass. We can easily imagine

what exertions were necessary for females, incumbered as they were, and easily overcome with fatigue, to wade through deep and running water, agitated by the furious beating of the wind and the rain. At last, however, after efforts which seemed incredible, they were all enabled to reach their home in safety, although in a most deplorable condition. They immediately changed their garments, and took every precaution in their power to counteract the evil consequences of such an exposure. But Juliette, who too long had neglected herself for the purpose of assisting others, was, the next day, seized with a burning fever, attended with delirium, which terminated fatally in the space of four days. During her intervals of consciousness, she prayed most fervently that her dear father might be permitted to return before she died. But Providence had decreed otherwise. Notwithstanding the most devoted care and constant attention, this amiable and accomplished girl

breathed her last, with her little brothers affectionately clasped in her arms.

When Lord D'Aubencourt returned, he was almost deprived of reason on learning the afflicting news. He tenderly embraced his children, and thus addressed them. 'My dear boys, in losing your sister, you have lost your best friend; and I, unhappy father, have lost the only ornament and comfort of my declining years. May God, in his mercy, help us to bear this heavy affliction. Without a strong confidence in his superintending care, I should be, of all men, the most miserable.'

HENRY, DUKE OF NEMOURS.

Born at Leitour, in France, in 1472. *Died in the Bastile, at Paris, in* 1481.

The account given in sacred history concerning the martyrdom of the seven Maccabees, sacrificed by Antiochus Epiphanes, is exceedingly interesting, and well worthy of remembrance; but the long suffering and heroic conduct of Henry of Nemours towards his young brother Francis, is even more memorable than the devoted courage of these young martyrs. In order that our readers should more easily understand the relation we are about to give, it will be necessary to refer to certain circumstances which occurred anterior to the event.

Jaques D'Armagnac, the high constable of France, was concerned in a

conspiracy which the Duke of Guyenne plotted against his brother Louis the Eleventh. This duke having lost his life in consequence of being poisoned by a peach, which his confessor gave him, D'Armagnac entered into a new league with the dukes of Brittanny and Burgundy, who favored the entrance of the English into France. Discovering the plot before it was perfected, Louis the Eleventh had Jaques D'Armagnac arrested at a moment when he least expected it, and ordered him to be instantly beheaded.

The promptness of this execution may have been agreeable to good policy, but the subsequent conduct of Louis was cruel and barbarous in the extreme.

By a refinement of revenge worthy of the most blood-thirsty savage, this tyrant king caused the two young sons of the unfortunate duke to be clothed in white robes, and placed under the scaffold, that they might be sprinkled with their father's blood! And, that the punishment due only to the father

should be extended to his innocent children, he had them conveyed to the Bastile, and confined in the deepest dungeon of that horrible prison. Henry, the eldest, was, at that time, eight years old, and Francis had not reached his seventh year.

It is scarcely possible to imagine the excessive cruelty which was practised upon these guiltless youth; and it would not be believed, had not history attested its truth. By the tyrant's orders, they were placed in conical iron cages, made wide at the top, and terminating in a point below. So that they were unable to stand, sit, or lie down comfortably; and, in whatever position they could place themselves, they still suffered greatly. The only comfort in their pitiable condition, consisted in the cages being placed side by side, thus enabling them to see, speak to, and touch each other.

The recital of these atrocities, which history too faithfully records, excites in us great surprise and indignation. We would rather believe that, through ha-

tred of oppression, historians have exaggerated or even invented the following revolting particulars, in order to excite more readily against tyranny and despotism the execrations of posterity. But, alas! according to the veracious records of the past it would not be necessary to resort to fiction for the purpose of exhibiting the ferocity of mankind towards the defenceless.

The hard-hearted French despot was not yet satisfied with the sufferings of the poor children. In order to render every moment of their existence wretched, he ordered that a tooth should be extracted every week from each one of the helpless prisoners. When this new species of barbarity was about being executed, young Henry, dreading the torture more for his brother than for himself, begged the man who was chosen to perform this cruel duty to spare Francis. He represented to Henry that he had received strict orders to deliver two teeth to the governor of the Bastile. 'Well, then,' replied Henry, 'draw two of my

teeth, and leave those of my brother. He is younger and more feeble than I am, and less able to endure the pain.'

Moved with compassion, and struck with admiration at such generosity, the surgeon, who was kind hearted, could not restrain his tears. His first impulse was to renounce his office; but afterward reflecting that another person would not, perhaps, spare the little Francis, he at last yielded to the entreaties of the affectionate and heroic Henry, and extracted two of his teeth.

What nobleness of character was here exhibited by a child! Francis lamented bitterly Henry's endurance of pain on his account. The barbarous operation was repeated, however, at each alloted period, and the young Duke of Nemours cheerfully submitted to the torture intended for both, even to the last tooth.

But the weekly recurrence of such an agonizing trial, combined with impurity of air and the cramped position of his limbs, soon made apparent their

deadly effects upon the courageous lad. He was seen to fail in strength and spirits every day, and in a few months fell a victim to the severity of his torments.

On the last day of his life, Henry said to his brother, 'Dear Francis, I am about to leave you. How happy should I be to see our kind mother once more before I die. I feel sure that you will, in a short time, meet her; and I wish you would tell her, beloved brother, that, when dying, I loved her more dearly than ever.'

A few moments after, finding himself rapidly sinking, he said, feebly, 'Give me your hand, my brother; take good care of my mouse! (The mouse to which he referred was one which he had tamed during his confinement, and which would run from one cage to the other, eating familiarly from the hand of each little prisoner.) These words were his last; and in this manner died the gentle, affectionate Henry of Nemours, with no aid except that afforded by a poor monk of the Order

of St Francis, who comforted, in their last hours, the miserable captives in the Bastile. This pious man consoled, as well as he could, the young dying victim of tyranny; he presented to his mind the comforting hope of being soon reünited to his father, and of enjoying endless happiness in the bosom of the Eternal, the terrible avenger of the oppressed, and the rewarder of humble merit!

The presentiment of the expiring Henry was soon realized. Although suffering and lonely, little Francis bore up against the evils of his confinement; and the Nero of France dying a short time afterwards, the young sufferer was happily released by Charles the Eighth, his successor. In consequence, however, of the painful and confined position to which he was so long subjected in his iron cage, Francis remained, during life, a sickly and deformed cripple.

When the Bastile was taken, in the year 1789, the same iron cages in which the poor children whose his-

tory is here related had been confined, were discovered, in a remarkable state of preservation. They were broken to pieces on the spot by the excited and justly indignant populace of Paris.

HAL-MEHI-CANTIMIR.

Born at Mendeli, in Curdistan, in 1765.

True courage proceeds from a virtuous heart. It is to be found among persons of both sexes, and of all ages. Clelia in Rome, young Missapsa of Carthage, Hackette of Beauvais, Jean d'Arc of Orleans, and Jane Grey of London, are striking proofs that women as well as men may possess great minds, and perform great actions, even while young.

H. M. Cantimir, born in Curdistan, Persia, stands next to the above-named heroines, not on account of having distinguished herself in battle, or in the defence of assaulted cities, but for having, through filial piety, engaged in a most perilous undertaking.

Meliabeth, a Persian general, served

with great fidelity the sophi of Persia, Mirza-Abbas, the predecessor of the famous Koulikan. Eminent for his military talents and his domestic virtues, this warrior met with the ordinary fate of distinguished men. He became an object of envy among his brother officers, and many atrocious slanders were circulated against him. The prince, who had loaded him with favors as long as his assistance was indispensable, abandoned him, when he had no longer need of his services.

At the time when this modern Belisarius was about to reap the fruit of his labors, and repose upon his laurels, he was accused of extortion. Without being allowed an opportunity to defend himself, the old and faithful officer was loaded with chains, and confined in a tower built upon the border of the 'Tigris.' There, deserted and alone, with only a jug of water and a loaf of black bread for his nourishment, the unhappy man, wrapped in an old cassock, and resting his benumbed limbs on a damp and dirty

mat, lamented, day and night, his cruel destiny. What chiefly afflicted him was the being deprived of his only daughter, Hal - Mehi - Cantimir, who had been, since the death of her mother, thirteen years previous, his only companion.

Five years elapsed, and the old general was still in confinement, while his daughter, then living with her aunt in Mendeli, had been inquiring in vain for her absent father. No one could or would tell her where he was. At length a courtier, formerly the friend of Meliabeth, observing the increasing melancholy of the young girl, and, discovering the cause of her unhappiness, informed her, at the peril of his life, that her father was confined in an ancient tower, built upon a rock, washed by the waters of the river Tigris, and near the straits of Bassorah.

Delighted with these tidings, the young Persian girl threw herself at the feet of this generous friend, and expressed her gratitude in the most touching manner, assuring him that

she would rather die, than compromise, in the least degree, his safety.

Having resolved to see her father, at all hazards, she immediately set out on a journey to Bassorah, with no other means of support than a loaf of bread and a few pieces of silver, being the produce of her industry. The distance which she had to travel was ninety-six miles, through a mountainous and uninhabited country. After a painful walk of several days, during which she suffered extremely, she finally reached, weary and exhausted, the city of Bassorah, and entered into the service of a manufacturer of cloth, who was greatly pleased with her activity and intelligence. Confiding in her kind master, she one day, informed him of her project. Filled with admiration, he willingly lent her all the assistance in his power.

In order to reach the base of the rock upon which was situated the prison of Meliabeth, there were many obstacles to surmount, and many dangers to brave. It was necessary, in the

first place, to cross a deep and rapidly flowing river. And, afterwards, to avoid the armed sentinels who were ready to fire upon any one who dared to advance within sixty yards.

Nothing, however, seemed impossible to the young girl in the attempt to deliver her father. In the course of four months she had learned to swim, having deprived herself of sleep during the night for this purpose. After persevering in this dangerous practice until she thought herself able to overcome the rapidity of the current, she ventured to swim a short distance, and going further each night, she succeeded at last in reaching the desired spot.

And now, finding herself so near to the being whom she loved so fervently, the excessive joy nearly overpowered her; but she was still more delighted when she distinctly perceived her father, who was leaning on the grating of his window, and contemplating the magnificent surrounding forests, tinged with the rays of the rising sun.

Yielding, without reflection, to the irresistible impulse of nature, she uttered a cry of joy, and repeated it often, in the hope that her father would turn his eyes towards her; but, plunged in a sad revery, the venerable man heard nothing, but quietly remained in the same attitude.

As the morning advanced, the boats of the fishermen were seen sailing down the river, and Cantimir prudently returned, resolving to renew her attempt the next morning. In fact, for many days she appeared on the same spot, but without succeeding in attracting her father's attention; for her voice was too feeble to overcome the noise of the waves, which dashed against the rock upon which the tower was built.

'Alas!' cried she, 'that I should have been so near to my father, and not have been seen by him.'

Yet Cantimir was not discouraged. Filial love suggested a safe and simple expedient. It was to write in large characters the name of Hal-Mehi-

Cantimir upon a white handkerchief, and to place it upon an angle of the rock, opposite the tower; in such a position as would attract the eye of Meliabeth as soon as daylight permitted him to see the objects beneath him.

This new method was crowned with success; Cantimir, having returned the next day, saw her father, through the grating of his window. His eyes were directed towards the cherished name of Cantimir, when he perceived, with surprise, his daughter herself swimming vigorously towards the rock, which, in a few minutes, she gained and ascended.

At this unexpected sight, Meliabeth, overwhelmed with joy and astonishment, suddenly raised both hands toward heaven, and, extending them through the bars before him, crossed his arms, as if to embrace his beloved child. How eloquent is the language of nature! Not daring to speak, lest he should attract the attention of the sentinels, he communicated, by signs,

and in fear and trembling, with his daughter.

Cantimir showed him a letter, and gave him to understand that he should let fall a string to which she could attach it. Meliabeth readily understood her meaning, and immediately tore his cassock into strips to fulfil this intention. Having tied together many long and narrow pieces, torn from his cloak, he let the string down from the window to his advancing daughter, who, seizing the end, attached to it the letter; faithful interpreter of her love and anxiety.

The prisoner corresponded in this manner for some time with his child, without being perceived by his guards, and took measures for his escape. She, having procured a small file, sent it to her father by the mode of conveyance above described, by means of which, he was enabled, in a short time, to cut through the bars of his prison window. Then with strings he made a ladder of ropes, to be used when occasion required.

Every thing having been carefully prepared, and the day of escape and flight being agreed upon, Cantimir came, in the middle of the night, to assist her father. The latter seized, without delay, the propitious moment, and descended at a given signal. When the poor old man reached the foot of the ladder, he experienced extreme agitation, on seeing so near him his only child, whom he had not embraced for such a long period. On the other hand, the evident danger to which this beloved one had exposed herself, and which was not then over, affected him greatly. He pressed her tenderly to his bosom, and besought her to return, and permit him to remain in his prison, without further endangering her life.

It is hardly possible to describe the strife of mutual affection which then took place between them. 'My father,' said Cantimir, 'you must not return. God has led me here to free you. He protects the innocent. Fear

nothing. In less than an hour we shall be in safety.'

'My beloved Cantimir,' replied Meliabeth, 'may the almighty protector of the oppressed hear and preserve you. We will trust in him.' At these words they both cast themselves into the water, and swam from the shore.

After proceeding a short distance, the poor old man, rendered feeble by his long confinement, and chilled by the water, all at once struggled and disappeared. 'Father! father!' loudly shrieked the alarmed Cantimir. Echo repeated her heart-rending cries, and they were heard by the guards in the tower. In an instant a light skiff was lowered, and rowed in pursuit of the fugitives.

In the mean while, Meliabeth had risen to the surface, exhausted, and nearly senseless, when the courageous Cantimir, supporting him with one arm, while she swam with the other, after incredible exertions, reached the opposite bank of the river; but as they

were in the act of concealing themselves among the thick reeds which grew on the borders, an arrow struck Cantimir in the left arm, and wounded her severely. Overcome with pain and loss of blood, she was taken prisoner together with her father, and both were carried back to the tower, and confined in separate cells.

Early on the following day, the unhappy prisoners were thrown into a boat, and conveyed, under a strong escort, to the city of Bassorah, where the governor resided. He was an old, pitiless officer, and unable to appreciate a generous action. Oriental despots seldom grant delays in the investigation of cases brought before them, of whatever nature they may be. Having been interrogated at the tenth hour of the day, these innocent victims were tried, condemned, and strangled, before the hour of twelve.

When the particulars of this melancholy event were known at Ispahan, every one was moved with pity for the

hapless fate of the young Cantimir. The sophi himself was affected, and blamed the precipitate haste of the governor. 'There is not a more sublime spectacle,' said he, 'under heaven, than that of a young child exposing life to save a parent. I should certainly have pardoned the father, for the sake of his daughter.' A statue of white marble was erected to the memory of the young heroine, representing her as receiving in her arms her father, at the foot of the tower. A splendid festival was instituted in her honor, and, every year, the Persian women and children perform a pilgrimage to her monument.

Mithon, the best historian in Persia, has furnished the following particulars: He relates that the courtiers, who abused the confidence of their sovereign, to the destruction of Meliabeth and other victims of their base ambition, perished by the hands of the executioner; and that the manufacturer of cloth, who furnished Canti-

mir with the means of rescuing her illustrious father, instead of being punished, was publicly applauded, and loaded with presents.

VOLNEY BECKNER.

Born in Londonderry, Ireland, in 1748.

Volney Beckner was the son of a poor Irish sailor. He received no instruction except what was connected with his father's occupation. Although deprived of the blessings of education, he nevertheless most richly deserves a place in this biography. Endowed by nature with intelligence and great activity, and possessing unusual firmness of mind, he exhibited, when quite young, a courage and determination which would, doubtless, have led him to the performance of many noble deeds, if God had granted him a longer life.

A most useful and necessary attainment for a seaman, and, in short, for every person, is a knowledge of the

art of swimming. Volney's father was impressed with a deep sense of its importance, and therefore taught him how to swim, even in the roughest sea. He used to throw his son from the stern of the vessel into the water; then, plunging in after him, he would support him with one hand, and teach him to swim with the other. The little fellow became so skilful and vigorous, that, when four years old, he would follow the ship in which he was brought up for the distance of two miles. When, overcome with weariness, he appeared about to sink, his father, who watched him carefully, would jump into the water and bring him safely on board. At other times, when not very much fatigued, he would cling to a rope thrown out for him, and climb like a cat up the sides of the vessel. Growing older and larger, the young cabin-boy made himself very useful to the crew. During the raging of a storm, when the wind blew violently and the rain fell profusely, he would run like a squirrel

upon the ropes and out on the yards, more active than any of his comrades, and as little alarmed as though in his hammock.

Fed upon biscuit so hard and old that it was necessary to cut it with an axe, — having nothing but muddy water to quench his thirst, — half covered with a frock made of old sail-cloth, — sleeping in a dark and dirty cabin, — and waked suddenly and often from a sound sleep, — such was the life of the young sailor. Yet he enjoyed robust health, and was never troubled with those diseases so frequently produced by luxurious living and idleness.

Such was the application and perseverance of Volney in the performance of his duty, and so obedient and respectful was he to the officers of the ship, that the captain would point him out to the sailors as a good example to them; and once said, in the presence of his crew, 'If this young man continues to behave with so much bravery and discretion, I do not

doubt that he will soon attain a rank higher than mine.'

Although uneducated and lowly born, this little cabin-boy panted for renown; and he never allowed an opportunity of signalizing himself to escape. He was once asked what glory (about which he said so much) was. 'It is,' replied he, instantly, 'to serve one's country with faith and honor, and to fulfil worthily the duties of one's station.' Among many remarkable instances of courage by which he distinguished himself, we will relate one only, that being the last act of his life, and sufficient to render his memory dear to every lover of devoted bravery.

A young child, the daughter of a wealthy West Indian, was a passenger on board the vessel in which Volney Beckner and his father served. This little girl, having escaped one day from her governess, was running about on the deck in a careless manner, when she accidentally fell overboard. Volney's father, on seeing

this unlooked-for accident, jumped immediately after her into the sea, and after swimming a short distance caught her just as she was sinking for the last time. As the brave old sailor was endeavoring to reach the vessel with the child in his arms, he was greatly alarmed at beholding an enormous shark darting rapidly towards him. 'Help!' screamed he, 'make haste, or we are lost!'

Every one rushed upon deck at once, but no one dared to spring into the water to their rescue, for the monster was already close to the ship, with his jaws expanded, in which were plainly seen a triple row of sharp white teeth. In this dreadful emergency, what vigorous and hardy men did not dare to attempt, was performed by a little boy, strongly urged by filial affection. Seeing the extreme danger of his father, Volney seized a large cutlass, and sprung into the water to save his father. Diving with the velocity of a fish, he came up under the body of the terrible foe, and

buried the steel to the hilt in his enormous hulk. Thus unexpectedly attacked, and smarting with his wound, the shark abandoned his pursuit of the old man, and turned in rage against his daring young assailant.

What a thrilling sight, and yet how worthy of admiration! On the one hand, was the West Indian gentleman, in extreme alarm at the dreadful fate awaiting his beloved daughter; and, on the other, a generous, white-haired seaman exposing his own life to save the child of a stranger. The whole crew were motionless with surprise, on seeing the little cabin-boy struggling with so powerful an enemy in his own element, and braving almost certain death to rescue his father.

The strife was short, for the combatants were too unequal, and there appeared no other way of safety than a prompt retreat. How was this to be effected? Among the many ropes thrown to them, both the father and the son managed to secure a firm

hold of one, and were drawn up out of the water, Volney being below the old man and child. Shouts of joy were heard from the crew, — 'Hurrah! they are safe! they are safe!'

Alas! they were not safe; or, at least, one was to be sacrificed for the safety of the others. Maddened by seeing his prey escaping, the angry shark made a last desperate leap from the water, and catching the body of poor Volney between his powerful jaws, he severed it into two parts, the upper one of which, palpitating and bloody, was drawn on board together with his father and the young child.

In this shocking manner our little sailor boy, of such high promise, came to his death. When we reflect upon the noble deed performed, — when we consider the holy motive which prompted him to this generous attempt, — his melancholy fate must excite the deepest pity and sorrow. Such an heroic example of filial love and devotedness ought never to be forgotten.

FRANCES MARIETTE.

Born at 'La Roche Beaucourt,' in 1732.

Frances Mariette was the daughter of a poor but honest tax-gatherer. Having received only an ordinary education himself, he was desirous that his daughter, who appeared sensible and strong-minded, should be well instructed. Opposed to severity, his treatment towards his child was always most gentle and affectionate. The wife of the tax-gatherer was far from showing her the like affection. Capricious, whimsical, and extravagant, she continually reproved Frances for trifling faults, and when she might, with some degree of justice, have reprimanded her daughter, she treated her with singular affection, which the young child could not un-

derstand; and when she should have encouraged her, she treated her with an excessive rudeness, which exasperated the father and grieved the daughter.

Thus brought up, Frances had reached her tenth year, when both of her parents died of a contagious fever within a few days of each other, leaving a son, two years old, to her sole care. The father left no property, save a small cottage built on the borders of a wood, and the children were forced to occupy this wild abode, having no means of sustenance after the scanty stock of provisions which the house contained at the time of their parents' death, was exhausted. It was not long before Frances found herself in a state of entire destitution. Some farmers in the neighborhood of La Roche Beaucourt offered her employment in tending their flocks, but her warm affection for her brother induced her to refuse their offers, and she resolved to undertake any thing rather than leave him alone.

In this urgent necessity, Frances sold her best clothes, and with the money purchased hemp and worsted. When seven years old, she had been accustomed to knit a pair of hose in two or three days, and such habits of industry were found of great advantage to her in her poverty. By turns she knit and spun, and being uncommonly active, she thus provided for her wants, and preserved her independence. Activity, industry, and prudence command universal admiration. A girl, twelve years old, living in such a solitary place, and supporting a young brother by the produce of her labor, whom she loved with a mother's affection, was so touching and attractive a spectacle, that the villagers and their wives became greatly interested in her. They brought her work, and pointed her out to their children as an example of virtue, and a model of sisterly love.

Frances was soon enabled, by such assistance, to hire an old servant to perform the household duties and

take care of her brother, while she went to the neighboring villages to dispose of her work. Spending her days in peace and innocence, nothing was wanting to her happiness but the presence of her lamented father. The painful remembrance of him occupied her mind unceasingly. 'O! friend of my childhood,' she was often heard to say, 'why are you not still with me? With what satisfaction should I devote my life to you to repay in part those tender attentions lavished on me during my earlier years. No! never can I be consoled for such a bitter loss.'

Endowed with physical as well as moral strength, the noble-hearted girl had already spent three years in this dreary solitude. She was beautiful and good. Many young and wealthy peasants solicited her hand, but she refused them all, in order to devote herself entirely to her only brother.

One morning, as young Frances was occupied in the cottage, a wolf, with three cubs, driven by hunger

from the forest, entered the room. She instantly seized an iron bar, and defended herself with coolness and courage; and would, doubtless, have succeeded in beating off these strange intruders, had she thought only of her own safety. But while she was striking at the head of the ravenous animal which first attacked her, she suddenly perceived one of the cubs advancing towards her brother. Uttering a cry of terror, she seized the child with one arm, quickly opened a closet, and placed him out of danger.

But while so doing, and before she had time to recover herself, the enraged wolf sprang upon the courageous Frances, caught her by the throat, and strangled her at once. The old servant was torn to pieces while in the act of running from the house to obtain help from the neighbors.

Thus perished this excellent girl, in the thirteenth year of her age, leaving the rich legacy of her example for

persevering devotedness and disinterested love, to all future children. The brother who was saved, was living in 1796, and to him we are personally indebted for these interesting particulars.

LOUIS, DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

Grandson of Louis the Fifteenth, born at Versailles, in 1751. *Died at Versailles, in* 1760.

'It is seldom that the life of a child, nine years of age, is written,' says the Marquis of Pompignan, the biographer of the young Duke of Burgundy; 'but, nevertheless,' he adds, 'such a child as Louis well deserves a conspicuous place in history.' 'Gifted by nature with uncommon talents, had his station been more humble, and his life been longer, he must have risen to a high rank by the mere force of character, and nobleness of mind.'

Mental activity was a prominent quality in the young duke. From his infancy, he was known as a child of wonderful observation and perception. No object escaped his eye;

nothing relative to the nature, use, or intention of any thing about which he was informed, was disregarded or forgotten. To the amusements common with those of his age he paid but little attention; they were insufficient to fill and satisfy a mind constantly longing for useful and substantial information.

Struck with the eagerness after knowledge exhibited by this interesting youth, his parents afforded him every opportunity to learn, by procuring good instructors in all the branches of education. Elegant paintings and engravings, illustrating subjects otherwise not so easily understood, were afforded him in abundance by his wealthy and indulgent parents. Every thing, however, which did not instruct as well as amuse him, was immediately thrown aside. All he wished for — all he asked for — was a plentiful supply of books. Whether unbound, or inclosed in a costly covering; whether cheap or expensive, it was immaterial to him, provided he

could possess himself of the information which they contained. A small room had been given him for his library, and he had nearly filled it with works of his own selection. Most of the time he was to be found there, seated in a little arm-chair before a table covered with books, tracing the lines and angles in geometry, of which study he was very fond, or writing down for preservation, the passages selected from the old authors which pleased him most. In conquering any difficulty in his lessons, he would jump up and shout in his lonely room with as wild a joy as many boys do under the excitement of a new kind of play.

To this strong passion for study, was united, in young Louis, a kind heart, great filial piety, deep feeling for all in affliction, and a total absence of pride and vanity. Many instances of his benevolence have been recorded by the 'Marquis de Pompignan,' two of which we will here relate.

Having heard that a farmer in the vicinity of 'Rambouillet' was ruined,

one night, by a fire, and that he had many young children to support, Louis appeared very much grieved at the account of this misfortune. He was soon observed running about anxiously among the courtiers, and household officers, and begging money of them. They, glad of an opportunity to please the young duke, gave him all that he asked for. In a short time, his collection exceeded what the poor peasant had lost. His mother, reprimanding him for beggary, desired to know for what purpose he had obtained such an amount of money. 'I wish to go,' said he, 'and present it to the man whose house was lately burnt.' His mother, delighted, readily granted him permission, and he immediately started for Rambouillet. Arriving at the old shed which had been put up as a temporary shelter for these honest but unfortunate people, he entered, after knocking, and, telling the astonished occupants that he was glad to relieve their distress, poured out of a purse

upon the floor a large number of gold pieces, which rolled about in every direction. Turning instantly around, he ran home as fast as he could, to escape the gratitude of the family who followed him. Having discovered to whom they were indebted, says his biographer, they became his truest friends, and at the time of his death, which happened soon afterwards, the old peasant and his wife humbly petitioned that their children might be permitted to look, if only for an instant, upon the face of their benefactor.

At another time, hearing that a large collection of ingeniously-constructed little wooden horses with gun-carriages, baggage-wagons, soldiers, camp equipage, &c., forming a complete mimic park of artillery, was to be sold for four hundred dollars, he desired to have it. The money was given to him, and as he was leaving the palace yard at Versailles to make the desired purchase, he met a brave old officer, who had lost both

his limbs in fighting for his country. Having asked his constant attendant, Tourol, to inquire of the maimed soldier his history, and learning that he was destitute and friendless, with no one to help or to love him, he threw, at once, his purse into the old man's cap, and returned home. Upon being remonstrated with by Tourol for giving away so much money, — 'Never mind,' said the generous little fellow, 'I can do without the artillery!'

This Tourol excited the envy of the other servants of young Louis. 'Tourol is very fortunate,' said one; 'you are always with him, and love him.' 'It is true,' replied Louis, 'I do love him, because he tells me frankly when I do wrong.'

His fondness for truth was remarkable, and seemed to be innate. One day, his tutor was reading to him the lives of distinguished Frenchmen; and remarked, as he ended, that the actions of princes could not be concealed; that it was very important

for them to lead correct lives, as Fame, with her hundred tongues, would soon make known their good or evil deeds. 'Who is Fame?' asked the child. The tutor, forgetting his age, gave him a poetical description of that goddess; and, to fortify his mind against fiction, observed, that most of mythology was fictitious. 'Well,' said the prince, omit then the fabulous, and tell me only what is true.'

Once, he had not recited his lesson correctly, and his tutor was displeased. The queen's maid of honor, happening to enter the room at the moment, inquired how the little student progressed in his studies. 'Excellently well, madam,' said the complaisant tutor, 'I am always satisfied with Louis.' When the lady departed, and the child was left alone with his tutor, he said, 'How dare you, sir, tell such a falsehood?'

His affection for his mother was unbounded, and a look or word of reproof from her was sure to bring tears into his eyes. He would say,

'Dear mother, only smile on me, and I will do any thing you wish.'

Extremely active in all his movements, and somewhat careless, the young Louis, one morning, on descending a steep staircase too quickly, fell and injured his right ancle. He felt, at the time, an acute pain; but did not complain, for fear of alarming his affectionate mother. No one knew that he was suffering, or that he had fallen, until his injured ancle was so much swollen, that it could not be concealed. Had he told of it, at the time, the evil might have been arrested, but it was then too late. Physicians were called in, who advised an operation. Their decision being communicated to his mother, who was in an adjoining room, the young prince overheard it; and when Tourol came to his bedside, and told him, with great precaution, the result of the consultation, 'My good friend,' said Louis, interrupting him, 'I knew all this before. Do not suppose that I am alarmed.'

The necessity being urgent, and the day and hour having been appointed, the surgeon entered the room with his apparatus. Louis asked to see the surgical instruments. They were placed in his hand. After examining them, he said, 'Go on! I am ready to suffer any thing in order to be cured, and to return to my studies.'

The operation was painful. It was thought necessary to make an incision down to the bone. The little sufferer did not utter a groan. When it was over, he called for his parents, and embracing them both, quietly laid down to rest.

In order to facilitate his recovery, the physicians had ordered that his studies should be discontinued. Unhappy when deprived of subjects for thought, he wrote the following note to his father, which has been copied, word for word, from his biography.

'Dear father: I begin to feel better. I am about to ask a favor, and I think that you love me too well to refuse. Will you please to send me

my books, for I am afraid that I shall forget what I already know, and there are many things I wish to learn.

'Your affectionate son, Louis.'

The relief which resulted from the operation was of short continuance, and the young prince lingered for several weeks, growing daily more feeble and helpless. The disease extended over the entire limb, affecting the joints, and causing severe suffering. Yet he seldom complained, and when he did, it was after a long struggle to suppress all manifestations of distress. His kind and loving disposition lost nothing of its natural gentleness. Far from showing any ill-temper during the most violent paroxysms, he once said to his attendants, 'I am in great—great pain. I know very well that you would relieve me, if you could; but as you cannot, do not remain with me to witness my sufferings.'

While this patient sufferer was the prey of a devouring fever, which consumed him rapidly, and although,

during the long hours of the day and night, he had scarcely a moment's rest or relief, yet he seldom spoke of himself. His thoughts were of his mother.

All hope being given up of saving a life so precious to his friends and to his country, a priest was, according to custom, intrusted with the commission of informing the young prince of his approaching death. He listened without exhibiting any fear or agitation, and desired that his tutor and his favorite attendant might approach his bedside. Then warmly pressing the hand of each, he said, calmly, 'Farewell, my good friends! I thank you for the kindness and indulgence which you have always shown me. I ask you, as a last favor, to comfort my poor parents.'

When his last hour had come, he called for his mother, who had been withdrawn from this melancholy scene, and laying his head upon her shoulder, died with the endearing name of 'Mother' upon his lips.

This young Duke of Burgundy was the eldest brother of Louis the Sixteenth, that amiable but weak-minded monarch; and had he lived to manhood, and ascended the throne, his energetic character and heroic firmness might have prevented the bloody horrors of the French Revolution.

LILIA FONDANA.

Born at Rome, A. D. 99. Died at Rome, A. D. 112.

Lilia Fondana was the daughter of Fondanus, a Roman consul, of whom Pliny the younger makes mention in one of his epistles. This magistrate was well known for his erudition, patriotism, and domestic virtues. He was possessed of immense wealth, and being strongly desirous of educating his daughter in a superior manner, he easily secured the services of the most able and eminent instructors; and, under such tuition, Lelia's progress was so rapid and highly satisfactory, that, when but ten years old, she was acknowledged by her friends and teachers to be the most intelligent and accomplished child in Rome.

When her father was engaged in

his literary labors, to which he was much attached, Lilia was of great assistance to him, in selecting the passages to which he wished to refer, and in writing while he dictated; and when wearied by his arduous tasks, she would lull him to repose by the rich melody of her voice and lyre.

The historians, who have acquainted us with the admirable qualities of this gentle creature, judiciously dwell upon the excellence of her character, her excessive sensibility, her amiable disposition, and, above all, upon the deep respect she invariably felt, and constantly exhibited for her parents.

The interesting Lilia was but eleven years of age, when Manilia, her mother, was suddenly seized with a disease pronounced incurable by her physicians. Her husband, devotedly fond of her, was so much distressed by her dangerous condition, that he also became sick. In this alarming situation, their beloved daughter displayed a degree of intelligence and discretion perfectly astonishing in one of her age.

As her father and mother were in different apartments, each lying entirely helpless, Lilia would pass alternately from one to the other, endeavoring to comfort and encourage them both, in turn. She would assume cheerfulness with her parents, while her little heart was almost breaking.

In spite of unceasing attention, the fatal hour predicted by the physicians soon arrived. The poor mother died, while in the act of embracing her beloved daughter. Lilia, shocked at the unusual scene, and indescribably wretched, fell upon her knees, over the dead body of her mother, and prayed to the almighty protector of youth and innocence for strength to bear this heavy affliction, and for the power to convey comfort to her sick father. He, happily ignorant of the death of his wife, was gradually growing better; and when sufficiently recovered to endure with comparative calmness, the afflicting stroke, he was informed of it by Lilia. For a time, he seemed overwhelmed with insupportable sor-

row, and it was doubtful if he recovered; but, owing to the astonishing firmness and prudence of his beloved daughter, his life was preserved, and she was still blessed with a guardian and guide.

The studies relinquished by Lilia for the purpose of devoting her whole time to her parents during their illness were now resumed, and no pains were spared by the fond father to perfect his child's education. She became distinguished for her literary acquisitions, as well as for her exquisite beauty; and was every where spoken of as an example well worthy of imitation in all respects.

One trait of character which this Roman girl possessed, and which would be interesting if only for its rarity, was an extreme simplicity, natural to her, and which was increased rather than diminished, by the splendor with which she was surrounded. Her father, although objecting to needless personal decorations, was nevertheless led by his indulgence to furnish Lilia

with the most costly attire, and the most elegant ornaments. He would daily bring to her some very valuable present. Once, having purchased for her a splendid ring, inlaid with brilliants, at a high cost, she thus addressed him: 'My dear father! how is it that you seem desirous to adorn me so richly, when you have frequently told me that the true ornament of our sex is artlessness of mind and simplicity of attire? This little ring, which I might lose in a moment, would be sufficient to support a poor family for many months.' The wealthy consul, delighted with this singular thoughtfulness and economy on the part of his young child, embraced her affectionately with these words: 'My beloved Lilia, I value my wealth only as the means of affording you pleasure. I do not wish to counteract the good effects of the instruction you have received, and by which you have so well profited. Dispose of the jewels which you so properly regard as worthless ornaments, and give the pro-

ceeds to the poor. *You* are my greatest and only desirable treasure.

Improving, as her age advanced, in personal and intellectual attractions, the hand of Lilia was at length sought for by a youth of illustrious connection and distinguished worth. She had scarcely reached, in years, the allotted period for marriage, yet the maturity of her mind and the independence of her character had well prepared her for this change. Her father favored the suit, but Lilia, although greatly pleased with her lover, was very unwilling to leave the paternal roof; yet, on being assured that no separation should take place between her father and herself, she reluctantly consented to the betrothal.

On the evening previous to the marriage ceremony, the worthy Fondanus called his daughter into the chamber where her mother died, and, taking up an elegantly embellished manuscript, desired her to listen while he read its contents. It was the diary of his late bosom companion, from

the earliest days of her childhood up to the time of her last sickness. The studies and sports of her youth, her good deeds and her errors in later years, the calm delights resulting from the one, and the fearful remorse arising from the other, — were all recorded with affecting simplicity and minuteness. Every event of her life was there faithfully described. The bereaved widower had added, in his own handwriting, the particulars of his wife's death and burial, and had chosen this place and occasion for his beloved Lilia's last impressive lesson.

As Fondanus proceeded in the reading of the journal, his daughter's interest increased. Pale as marble, her dark eyes earnestly fixed upon her father's face, she listened attentively to the recital of her mother's history. When the details were read of the termination of a life so precious, recorded by one who loved her better than himself, and with the additional description of his own deep agony, Lilia, becoming more and more agi-

tated, suddenly complained of a sharp pain in the heart, and fell senseless in the arms of her astonished father.

On partly recovering from this attack, it was soon perceived that the nervous system of this excessively sensitive young child had received a shock from which she would never recover. Powerful mental emotion had checked the flow of health at its source, and restoration was hopeless. Hourly the delicate creature grew more feeble, though she concealed, as much as possible, the severity of her suffering, for fear of alarming her father. She would say, 'Dear father, do not weep; show, at least, as much firmness as your daughter.'

When she was convinced that she could not live, Lilia entreated her father to send for a skilful artist, in order that her likeness might be taken. This was soon accomplished, although the strongest efforts were exercised by the young sufferer to suppress every expression of pain which might interrupt the artist, during the required

position. When the painting was completed, she gazed upon it for a moment, and then handed it to her father, saying: 'Take this likeness of myself, dear father, and place it near mother's portrait. Death, at least, cannot snatch this from you, and with it in your possession you will not lose me entirely.'

Calling around her couch the young friends to whom she was attached, she embraced each of them, in turn, begging them to comfort her father when she was gone, and, presenting them all with tokens of remembrance from her collection of valuable, but now useless trinkets, she calmly and affectionately bade them farewell. Then pressing the hand of her father to her lips and to her heart, she cast a last lingering look of fondness upon his dearly-loved features, and expired in uttering these remarkable words: 'Embrace me once more, beloved author of my life, that I may carry to mother your last kiss!'

The following is a letter of 'Pliny

the younger to his friend, giving an account of the death of Lilia Fondana:

'I write to you in sadness, my good Marcellus. The daughter of our friend Fondanus is dead. I have never known one more beautiful, more accomplished, or more amiable. Although she was only thirteen years old, she exhibited the judgment, the delicacy of feeling, the dignity and the self-possession of an experienced, well-bred woman; at the same time, she was full of modesty, and the attractive innocence of childhood. With what gentleness did she receive the advances of those who loved her! With what becoming consideration did she divide her affection between her nurse and the teachers who cultivated her mind and manners! With what unwearied application did she study both to gratify her friends and to improve herself.

You cannot imagine, my Marcellus, the patient resignation and courage which was seen in this lovely girl,

during her short and distressing illness. Submissive to her nurse, singularly attentive to the comfort of her father, neither the violence of her disorder nor the fear of death, had power to render her selfish nor to weaken her fortitude. Alas! how sudden and premature was her departure! She was on the eve of being united to a young patrician of well-known excellence. The day was appointed for the wedding, and we were invited. What darkness suddenly overshadowed this mansion of light and love! I cannot express to you, my friend, the sadness which I felt on hearing Fondanus order all the finery intended for the bridal, to be exchanged for articles of mourning.

You know that Fondanus received great pleasure from his scientific investigations, and that none of us could excel him in his enthusiasm for, and knowledge of, the fine arts. Now he seems to have lost all interest in every pursuit of the kind, and has abandoned himself entirely to grief and des-

pondency. If you write to him a letter of consolation, employ less of reason than of condolence. Time only will restore him. As the wounded man dreads the probe of the surgeon, even greatly suffering in anticipation, so does profound affliction shrink from the unsympathizing reasoner, and the cold arguments of the philosopher.—*Pliny's Letters*, vol. v.

AMBROSE BOUFLERS.

Born at Paris, France, in 1734. *Died in the Battle of Etingue, in* 1745.

MANY instances of determined bravery and presence of mind among children are recorded in history. From the young Lacedemonians, immortalized by Plutarch, down to the present century, many examples of heroic valor united with coolness and discretion may be found among those who have not reached maturity. Of all the youthful heroes, whose lives are on record, no one has surpassed, in patriotism and dauntless courage, the subject of this sketch. His energy of mind and fearlessness of character would have made him great, in any situation, had he lived to manhood.

His literary acquirements, though extraordinary, render him much less remarkable than his achievements on the field of battle.

In the last century, when physical strength was preferred to mental cultivation, it was customary for men of rank and influence to give up their sons, when eight or nine years old, into the hands of the 'master of arms,' to be instructed in the arts of war. Under such tuition, says Froissart, in his Chronicles, boys of ten or twelve years of age could handle the musket and use the sword with as much dexterity and precision as veteran soldiers. They would, frequently, be seen in bloody engagements, running about carelessly between the contending armies, and picking up the cannon shot to return them to the unprovided cannoneers.

Joseph, Duke of Bouflers, and Governor of Flanders, was the grandfather of young Ambrose. Proud of the glorious deeds of the old chevaliers,

his ancestors, this distinguished officer was extremely desirous that his grandson should resemble them, and sustain the honor of his family. He consequently gave him an education calculated to excite a love of glory, and to increase his courage, causing him to read and recite the conquests of Alexander, those of Turenne, of Chevalier Bayard, of the great Condé, and others of a similar character.

The father of Ambrose, who was a learned as well as a brave man, instructed his son in ancient and modern literature, and taught him, that, to fulfil his destiny honorably, he must be wise and good as well as courageous.

At the age of nine years, this intelligent youth was not only acquainted with the lives of all distinguished generals, and well skilled in military tactics, but was also able to speak and write correctly the English, German, and Italian languages. Although universally praised, and courted for his uncommon talents and aptitude for learning, a quiet life did not please

Ambrose. He longed for an opportunity to emulate those renowned heroes, whom he enthusiastically admired, and whose histories he had learned by heart.

An opportunity was soon offered. At this period, the French were at war with the English and Austrians, and the scene of action was in Germany. His father, an officer of high rank, received orders to march to the field, and the ambitious Ambrose accompanied him. At first, he mounted guard as a private soldier, but he soon gained, by his firm and manly bearing, the office of ensign.

On the day of appointment of this young soldier, his courage was put to a severe test. He was ordered to head a small detachment on a foraging excursion. On the road, they fell into an ambuscade, and were suddenly exposed to a murderous fire. The little chevalier, with great composure, commanded his men to charge upon and dislodge the enemy. The resistance of the ambuscading party

was, for a time, obstinate, and many men fell before the affray was over. At the first onset, the young commander was dismounted, but soon regaining his saddle, he drove, sword in hand, into the thickest of the fight, and by his desperate valor brought the conflict to a successful termination.

Returning victorious, and slightly wounded in his right hand, he was met by his father, who took him in his arms, and warmly embraced him. Then, perceiving that his son's hand had been wounded, and that his cap had been perforated by balls in three different places, he said to him, with surprise, 'You seem to be quite calm, after so severe an engagement.' 'Dear father,' replied the brave child, 'I did not think of myself. I only feared for my servant, who repeatedly risked his life to save mine.'

For the seven months during which the young chevalier was constantly subjected to the hardships of an unu-

sually fatiguing campaign, he never once complained, nor shrunk from his duty. Regardless of himself, he was kind and attentive to the soldiers. Often forced to march by night through deserted fields and dark forests; often obliged to pass directly before the enemy's posts, and to meet with unexpected and startling incidents, he always observed the strictest discipline, and never exhibited the least surprise or alarm.

During the terrible battle which was fought at Etingue, in the Electorate of Mayence, the valiant Ambrose behaved with more than his ordinary bravery. Perceiving that the General Bouflers, his father, was in great anxiety previous to the engagement, he said to him, 'Father! what troubles you? We shall doubtless acquire great glory to-day, and beat the English handsomely.' 'I hope that your words will prove true, my brave boy,' said the general. 'I fear that the contest will be unusually severe. In case

that we should not meet again, embrace me now; and then, to your duty. May God preserve you!'

About half an hour after this affecting interview, the battle commenced in earnest. The young Bouflers being placed on the brink of a rivulet with a party of cavaliers, endured a galling and most destructive fire for nearly an hour. The deep thundering of the cannon was heard on every side; clouds of smoke concealed from view the two armies; whole ranks of men fell dead at every discharge, and the earth was covered, for a great distance around, with the bodies of the slain.

The victory had been on the side of the French, and the enemy were rapidly losing ground, when King George the Second, who commanded the English, by an unlooked-for movement, deceived Marshal Noailles, the commander of the French army. The latter hastily issued orders to counteract this manœuvre; but his soldiers, unfortunately, did not advance in time. The English improved the advantage

thus gained. They came on with their whole force. The batteries of the French were rendered useless; terror spread through their ranks, and they fled in confusion.

In this fearful exigency, young Chevalier Bouflers, who had received no orders to move his command from its dangerous station, maintained his post with firmness, but with the loss of most of his men. He beheld them falling and dying around him, but would not quit his post. Soon, however, he was severely wounded in the left arm, and fell senseless; when his corporal, at the hazard of his own life, took him in his arms, and carried him to the field-hospital.

The fame of the young officer had extended among his enemies, and he was looked upon even by them as worthy of much respect and admiration. The soldier, who bore him from the field while insensible and covered with blood, was arrested three different times by the Austrians; and, each time, at the sight of the wounded

child and the name of Bouflers, he was released, and allowed to proceed to the French camp.

When Ambrose had recovered his senses and taken some repose, his wound was examined. The surgeons, finding that his left arm had been terribly shattered, declared that immediate amputation was necessary; and at the same time informed him that the operation would be both painful and dangerous.

The young sufferer, manifesting no emotion, requested the surgeons to do with him as they thought best, but asked for a moment's delay; called for pen and paper, and with great composure wrote the following letter to his mother.

'Dear mother: I have received a wound in my left arm; and I will not conceal from you, that it is soon to be amputated. I suffer more than I can express; but it is not so much from my injury, as for the grief which you will feel on learning my misfortune. Do not be distressed, my mother, I

think that I shall survive the operation, and shall soon be well; but if it is otherwise ordered, I shall have the consolation of having written to you. This letter, beloved parent, written in such agony, will be a fresh proof of my strong affection for you, and of my great gratitude for your many acts of kindness.'

After having sealed and sent this letter, he courageously submitted to the operation. It was performed with promptness and dexterity, but the loss of blood which he had sustained, was fatal; and he very soon told his father that he believed he was dying. The afflicted man bent over him to receive his last embrace; 'Dear father,' said the expiring child, 'it is not so much the loss of life which I regret, as the disgrace of having been beaten by the English.'

In this manner perished the young hero, at the age of eleven years. He was buried, with military honors, by permission of George the Second, on the battle-field of Etingue.

MARCELLA APOLLODORA.

Born at Rome, A. D. 116. *Died at Rome, A. D.* 130.

Marcella was the only daughter of Apollodorus, a skilful Roman architect, who flourished under the reign of Trajan. Nature had bestowed her gifts most bountifully upon this singular child. With an unexceptionable face and figure, of ease and dignity of motion, unsurpassed even in her native city, where feminine loveliness was by no means rare, Marcella possessed withal a genius so uncommon, that experienced artists were not ashamed to learn from her. She was but ten years old, when her fame had extended widely throughout the republic. She could at that age, write in

Greek as correctly as in Latin, her mother tongue, and could recite from memory nearly all the manuscripts in estimation among the literati of Greece and Rome. But the talent which she displayed in design and sculpture was the most remarkable. Her father, ranking high in his profession, frequently consulted her in the accomplishment of his plans; and certain architectural monuments, the ruins of which are now to be seen in the 'eternal city,' were the conceptions of this brilliant genius.

However, with all the advantages which excited the pride and admiration of all connected with her, Marcella had one serious fault. This was an almost irresistible inclination to raillery, which she indulged in, whenever an opportunity offered. Naturally kind-hearted, she was far from designing to injure, or give pain to any living being; but, influenced by this strong propensity to satirize whatever or whomsoever came under her notice, she had acquired a habit which

she did not take much pains to overcome; since she had not, thus far, realized its dangerous consequences.

'Sarcasms,' says a celebrated writer, 'are hazardous weapons to sport with.' It was a sarcasm which ruined the daughter of Apollodorus, and Apollodorus himself. This eminent architect, more proud and injudicious than Marcella, yet possessing an equally taunting manner, had been so unwise as to make an enemy of Adrian, before he ascended the throne of the Cæsars.

Trajan, the predecessor of Adrian, in the course of his victories, was ambitious of celebrating them by a species of glory more substantial than military display. With this end in view, he engaged Apollodorus to build a bridge of a peculiar construction over the river Danube, which would command the respect and admiration of posterity. This magnificent work, a description of which is given in the history of Laurent Echard, was commenced and completed

according to the joint design of our talented artist and his young adviser. Adrian, who was present during its erection, and who boasted of his knowledge and judgment, undertook to criticise severely and unreasonably the beautiful structure; and when afterwards raised to the supreme power, he, through ridiculous envy, ordered the entire bridge to be overthrown. Enraged at such injustice, Apollodorus sought for an occasion to manifest his contempt for the pretended artistical talent of Adrian. An opportunity soon presented itself, as follows.

Adrian, who aspired to the title of painter as well as architect, was in the habit, at one period, of spending whole days in painting the vegetables in his garden. Once, as Apollodorus was conversing in his studio with a fellow-artist respecting their profession, Adrian entered and annoyed them with many unapt and ignorant suggestions. 'Go,' said Apollodorus to him, sneeringly, 'to your melons and pump-

kins. That which engages our attention is above your comprehension.' Stung to the quick by this insulting remark, Adrian did not rest until he had banished Apollodorus from Rome.

One year after this occurrence, the Emperor Adrian commenced the erection of a temple to Venus; and desirous, before its completion, of profiting by the opinion of his most able architects, recalled Apollodorus from exile, and sent him a description of his temple, which he named, in his vanity, the Eighth Wonder of the World. Apollodorus paid no attention to this plan, but handed it to his daughter, exclaiming, 'Marcella! take this wonderful work of the pumpkin-painter, and examine it.' At the first glance, Marcella perceived a striking defect. 'Father!' cried she, 'look at Venus, at the farther end of the temple, under the entablature; one third too large for the height of the edifice. If, perchance, she should take a fancy to visit heaven, she would knock her brains out in rising from her seat.'

Apollodorus replied, 'Yes! it is much easier to paint a pumpkin than to build a bridge or a temple. He then ordered the servant to repeat these remarks to his master, and to add, that the person who immediately perceived his gross blunder was a child of thirteen years.

Adrian was highly displeased at this answer. His self-love, the strongest passion in human nature, was deeply wounded. A false accusation was, very soon afterwards, brought against Apollodorus, of having joined in a conspiracy against the government. He was immediately seized, tried before bribed judges, and, without the slightest proof of guilt, condemned to death.

Marcella's grief was excessive. She had passionately loved her father. They had planned together, toiled together, and together had their names been united by the voice of fame. Like the vine clinging to the oak, she depended upon, and lived only by him. She conjectured the true cause

of his unjust condemnation, and made repeated attempts to gain access to the emperor, but was always unsuccessful.

When her father was led out to execution, the affectionate daughter broke through the guards, at the peril of her life, and flung herself into the unhappy man's arms, intreating the executioner, if her father could not be pardoned, to behead them both. No intreaties or menaces could induce her to leave him, and she was torn, by force, from his embrace, and kept under guard at a distance. After the execution was over, the poor bereaved girl remained, day and night, upon the spot, refusing all sustenance and consolation. When driven away by the unfeeling soldiers, she would instantly return; and, one morning, she was found cold and dead, lying upon the sod which drank the life-blood of her indulgent parent and best friend.

LUCIUS VALERIUS.

Born near Rome, in 108.

Lucius Valerius was born in a village in the neighborhood of Rome, during the reign of Trajan. Little is known concerning his birth; no minute or connected account of his life having been preserved. A scene, however, in which he was the principal actor, is thus described by an old Latin author, which we have endeavored to translate as literally as possible.

'On an approaching festival in honor of the gods, an elegant lyre, rich with inlayings of gold and precious stones, was ordered by the magistrates to be given to him who should write the best poem, and read it before the assembled multitude. A condition in this liberal offer was, that all who con-

tended for the splendid prize, should be under the age of twenty-one.

The appointed day arrived; and lords and ladies, priests, soldiers, and laborers, crowded to the spacious forum to listen to the gifted youth who were to contend in a more worthy strife than that of the gladiators or charioteers, who were then, in another portion of the city, attracting crowds to the amphitheatre and race-courses.

Many competitors appeared, whose talented compositions did honor to the learning and to the land of the young writers; and the day was well-nigh spent, when a tall, dark-haired youth, (Marcellus by name) ascended, with much dignity, the rostrum. His name had already become celebrated, he having been acknowledged as a young poet of much promise, and having also obtained the prize offered on a previous year. His performance was excellent, and elicited such hearty approbation from the judges and the entire audience, that it was not difficult

prophesying to whom the prize would be awarded.

The time of trial had nearly expired, and but one more name remained upon the list. This last candidate was now called upon to advance. He came forward, a small, unassuming, very interesting lad — and, in a clear, musical voice, commenced reading his poem. At first, but little attention was paid to him, as he was supposed to be too young to produce any thing which would approach, in excellence, his predecessor's composition. Low, muttering sounds, indicating indifference and weariness interrupted for the time, and greatly embarrassed the sensitive young poet. But the murmurs were soon hushed, and a deathlike stillness pervaded the immense mass of listeners. They were quiet from complete astonishment. A more finished poem had not been heard in Rome for many a year. The juvenile speaker described in glowing, impassioned verse, the sublime deeds of their godlike ancestors, who sacrificed themselves for

their country's good; portrayed, with extraordinary force and eloquence, the high-toned patriotism of the unselfish Regulus; the intrepid heroism of the noble Mutius; spoke of Camillus, of Cincinnatus; of the many instances of heaven-born nobleness of soul, which would illuminate their loved city in her darkest hour, and transmit the proud title of 'Roman citizen' to the remotest posterity. Frequently interrupted by shouts of applause, no sooner had the young poet ended than he was greeted with rapturous bursts of most enthusiastic admiration. The question of 'who is he?' was heard on every side. No one could tell who he was, or whence he came.

When he descended from the 'rostrum,' he was nearly smothered by the close pressure of the crowd; each one eager to ascertain something concerning this unknown and remarkable youth. Although many of the candidates were nearly twice his age, he was adjudged to have greatly excelled all of them, and he received the

prize, amidst the cheers and acclamations of the multitude.

This little poet was Lucius Valerius, at that time, strange as it may seem, only thirteen years of age. Seldom had any individual ever before excited such intense interest in the Republic. Many marks of distinction were conferred upon him, and his poem was recited in public for several successive days. A short time afterwards a statue of bronze was erected in honor of his promising genius, and consecrated by many imposing ceremonies.

One of these ceremonies consisted in taking a laurel crown from the head of Valerius, and placing it upon the head of the statue; and it was to be performed by the heir of the noblest family in Rome. As the patrician youth, appointed for this purpose, was about to proceed with this step of the consecration, Valerius perceived in the assembled crowd surrounding him, the poet Marcellus, who next preceded him on the day of trial, and but for him would have obtained the prize. Mar-

cellus appeared discontented and sad, and was regarding the ceremony with a grieved expression of countenance; which, being observed by Valerius, he with a noble generosity, most rare and praiseworthy, instantly took the crown of laurel, and, advancing towards his disappointed rival, placed it upon his head, with these words: 'My countryman! this properly belongs to you! I have already received more praises than I deserve, and I am ashamed to be loaded with honors while one more deserving than myself remains unnoticed.'

An irrepressible outbreak of admiration arose from the spectators, at this unlooked for magnanimity on the part of Valerius. They placed him in a chariot, and dragged it through the principal streets of the city, preceded by heralds, proclaiming the deed of their idolized hero, and followed by a long procession of Roman youth. His excellence as a poet, much as literary merit was prized in that age, created far less enthusiasm than this generous

action. For many years after this event, the name of Lucius Valerius was used to excite the emulation of young aspirants for fame, and he was long spoken of as a brilliant example of eminent mental capacity, united with elevated moral worth.'

The future career of this singular genius, a small portion only of whose life has been recorded, who came and went so like a meteor before the gaze of the wondering inhabitants of ancient Rome, is not known with certainty. It is supposed, however, and there is some reason for the supposition, that he died about the year 124, during the prevalence of a deadly epidemic, which ravaged the Roman Empire under the reign of the Emperor Adrian.

LOUIS THE SEVENTEENTH,

THE MARTYR KING.

Born at Versailles, in 1785. *Died in Prison, at Paris, in* 1795.

THE short and very eventful life of this illustrious victim of human depravity affords a sad lesson of the unhappy consequences of evil ambition. Born in the midst of power and grandeur; the heir presumptive to one of the wealthiest crowns in Europe; educated with all the care which his elevated station demanded, the dauphin exhibited many endearing qualities, the remembrance of which cannot but excite, in the minds of all, the strongest indignation against the base persecutors of such a young and unfortunate prince.

From the time when Louis became

old enough to be placed in the hands of instructors, the queen, his mother, watched over his progress with the most assiduous attention; and, as she was herself singularly well-informed, and extremely devoted to her son, she discharged this important duty with uncommon zeal and intelligence. In order to impart moral and religious instruction to the heir of the throne, she was accustomed to read to him, every evening, the writings of Fenelon, Bossuet, and Masillon; taking particular precaution to remove from his view those worthless and pernicious fictions, which so frequently preoccupy the expanding mind of the young, to the exclusion of all useful information. The advantages derived from the immediate supervision of a fond mother are incalculable, and soon became conspicuous in young Louis. Conscientious, self-denying, and truth-loving, this amiable prince, when only eight years old, would put to the blush many of the courtiers, who

were much older, and supposed to be much wiser.

Among the books which the dauphin was fond of reading, the life of his little uncle, the Duke of Burgundy, pleased him the most. He would sit for many hours alone, with this book in his hand. The 'Marquis of Pompignan,' in his affecting eulogy, has dwelt with especial delight upon the striking resemblance between the two kinsmen; and asserts, that the natural disposition of Louis was very much improved by his strong sympathy with, and his worthy emulation to become like his ill-fated young uncle.

When Louis was five years old, his father, Louis the Sixteenth, was obliged, by his disaffected subjects, to leave Versailles, the ancient abode of his ancestors, and to repair with his family, to the palace of the Tuilleries, in Paris, under the guidance of the good La Fayette. There, this amiable monarch spent the time, rather as a captive than a sovereign of France, in company with his wife and child and

Madame Elizabeth, his sister. At the end of that time, the kind father, affectionate husband, and worthy king was torn from the arms of his afflicted family, to perish upon the scaffold. Evil was the day to France when this virtuous man was beheaded. The bloody revolution, of which his murder was the prelude, is the foulest stain upon the annals of history.

When the king was ordered to prepare for death, he assembled his family about him to bid them a last farewell. During this distressing scene, young Louis clung so closely to his father's hand, that the guards were obliged to use force in order to remove his hold. Escaping from the attendants, who had, for a few moments, detained him, he rushed from the room in pursuit of his father, but was stopped at the palace-gate by a municipal officer. On being asked whither he was going, he replied, in extreme agitation, 'I am going to beg the people to save my father. They will not kill him, for he has harmed no one.'

Filial affection, however, had no charms in the eyes of these pitiless regicides. The 'laws of blood,' which were enacted in that 'age of terror,' were executed in haste, and with merciless rigor.

Although, after the death of the good Louis the Sixteenth, the dauphin was unanimously recognized as the lawful king of France, under the title of Louis the Seventeenth, yet both he and his mother, together with his aunt Elizabeth, were still confined in the Temple and strictly guarded.

Inconsolable at the loss of their best friend and protector, and in doubt as to their future fate, the royal captives, nevertheless, assumed cheerfulness, that they might lighten the cares of each other. The mother of the young king still continued her instructions, and taught her son, by example, how those, whose firm reliance is upon God, should support adversity. She told him that affliction was intended to elevate and purify the heart, and that the Infinite, who notices the

fall of a sparrow, orders all things for the best.

In their captivity, they were not forsaken. A few faithful followers, not daring openly to befriend them, had devised, in secret, means for their deliverance; and soon found an opportunity to apprise the prisoners of their friendly projects. But as they were about effecting their object, they were discovered, and poor Louis was taken from his affectionate mother, and confined in a solitary cell. The widowed queen and her accomplished sister-in-law were soon afterwards conducted from the prison to the scaffold, and beheaded by those ferocious monsters, who, with demoniac cruelty almost impossible to realize, poured out innocent blood like water.

Deprived now of every thing worth living for, the young king refused, at first, to take any nourishment, and pined day by day, in his gloomy prison. Wishing to know for what cause he was imprisoned, he once asked Simon, a brutal ruffian appoint-

ed as his keeper, why he was kept in confinement, and treated so cruelly. 'Be silent!' said this monster, 'you are too young to understand.'

Of all the fiend-like acts committed by the ferocious revolutionists in that age of crime, none was more disgraceful to human nature than the confinement of this young child, and the barbarous treatment to which he was subjected. The details seem scarcely credible, and yet they are well authenticated. Placed in a dark and damp cell, without light or fire; having his scanty food thrust through a small aperture under the door of his prison; with but little covering to his small truckle-bed, and no change of linen for his person, the young 'martyr king' passed the long hours of the day and night in a state of inconceivable wretchedness.

In order to conceive, in some sort, of the motives for such cold-blooded atrocity, it will be necessary to understand, that the French authorities were determined to remove from the

direct line of succession, the entire family of Louis the Sixteenth; and to effect this purpose, the son and heir must perish. Being ashamed of employing an assassin to take the life of the child, and, perhaps, fearing that the indignation of the people would be excited by such a cowardly deed, their object was to cause him to die through neglect and starvation. It was thought, that by means of scanty and disgusting food, by the impure, pestilential air of a dungeon, and the dreadful monotony of continual solitude, the slight frame of the youthful sufferer would soon give way. These regicide projects were not concealed. They were even announced, several times, in the legislative assembly, by members of the miscalled 'Committee of Public Safety.'

Such causes, above enumerated, did, indeed, produce the effect intended. The most robust man, accustomed to hard fare and the worst evils of poverty, could not long have borne up under the action of such unhealthy

influences, and the deprivation of every comfort; much less, a delicate child, who had been born and bred in the midst of luxury and opulence. Louis, in a few months, became so feeble and emaciated, that he was unable to raise himself from his bed.

About this time, through the influence of some of the more humane persecutors, a physician was allowed to visit him daily. By the kindness and consoling attentions of this good man, the sufferings of the poor prisoner were somewhat alleviated. At the termination of every visit, when the physician rose to leave the dungeon, the little invalid, unused to the kind voice and pitying looks of a friend, would cling to his garments, and imploringly beseech him to remain for a longer period.

This physician has since acquainted the world with some particulars concerning the 'martyr king's' confinement and death. He relates, that, in spite of the torments of every description which the illustrious victim expe-

rienced, he exhibited throughout his illness, a patience, sweetness of temper, and kindness of heart, most winning to all who were permitted to see him. Displaying no anger towards his enemies; never sullen, never complaining, he seemed to think that he would, one day, be liberated; and spoke of the green fields, and the free sports of childhood with much delight, in the midst of great bodily suffering. While a slow fever was preying upon him, which nothing but the pure breezes of heaven could have cured, he was so closely confined that it was painful even to breathe the atmosphere of his cell; and deprived of sufficient clothing to protect him from the chill, damp air, which pervades the abode of criminals, from which the animating sunlight is so pertinaciously excluded.

A little sister of Louis, of whom mention has not yet been made in this short account, who was fortunately of not sufficient political importance to attract much attention,

was in the Temple, as prisoner, at this time. The child, who had been removed from the family at her father's execution, was still in comparative freedom, and treated with some leniency and indulgence. Louis, who, until this period, had heard nothing respecting the fate of his dear sister, was overjoyed to learn that she was near him. He begged to see her, if only for a moment, but his earnest intreaties were disregarded. It was a happy circumstance for the sister, that she was not allowed to witness the deplorable condition of her guiltless brother.

One morning, the physician, indignant on witnessing the destitute state of his little patient's room, and the wilful neglect on every side apparent, could not suppress his anger, and spoke in a very loud and energetic tone to the guard who attended him. The young invalid, who believed that his sister was not far distant, begged the worthy physician to speak lower, adding, 'My dear friend, my sister may hear

you; and she would be very sorry if she knew that I was sick.'

At another time, the right eye of Louis was seen to be greatly inflamed. On inquiry, the physician learned that, during the interval since his last visit, a drunken blackguard, who was one of the under keepers, entered his cell, and ordered him to sing a certain revolutionary couplet, expressive of contempt for all regal authority. On the refusal of poor Louis to sing, from inability through weakness, the ruffian seized a large and hard crust of bread from the table, and threw it at him, which unluckily hitting his eye, caused him great suffering during the whole of the previous night. When the physician expostulated with the magistrates of Paris for allowing such unfeeling wretches access to their legitimate king, he was told that no complaints of such a nature would be listened to; and was advised, if he consulted his own safety, to say as little as possible in favor of the royal prisoner.

The last moments of this interesting youth were, in many respects, similar to those of his uncle, the Duke of Burgundy, whose memory was so dear to him. Seldom complaining of his own distressing lot, his thoughts were occupied about others. Exercised with severe pain, he endeavored to conceal it from those around him. He would thank, with the utmost fervor, his physician for the most trivial act intended for his comfort, and the least expression of kindness almost overpowered him. 'Left so much alone during his imprisonment, he had thought much and deeply,' says his historian, 'and, in his dying hour, he appeared like an aged man, who was weary of the world, and anxious to be at rest.'

Finally, the moment so impatiently looked for, and so earnestly desired by the anarchists, arrived. Crushed by the weight of misfortune; worn nearly to a skeleton by want of proper bodily nourishment; sinking into an early grave, in hopeless sorrow, with-

out a relative to smooth his pillow or to close his eyes, this gentle child breathed his last sigh on the first of June, 1795, at the commencement of his eleventh year.

Such was the sad end of the amiable son of Louis the Sixteenth.

FRANCIS DE BEAUCHATEAU.

Born in Paris, in 1645. *Died in* 1659.

The father of the subject of this short sketch was a worthy and intelligent man, and devoted a great portion of his time to the instruction of his only son. At the age of five years, Francis could read and write well, and could repeat in a very pleasing manner, quite a number of short poems. Thus far, he was not a very extraordinary child; many, at the same age, have accomplished as much. But as his natural abilities were not unusually great, his progress from this time was truly astonishing. Before he was eight years old, he could read Greek and Latin authors, and could speak in Spanish and Italian. He now, also, began to write verses, in

which such singular talent was manifested, that persons of distinction from Paris and the provinces thronged around him, to convince themselves that he was, in reality, the author of such remarkable productions. Ann of Austria and Cardinal Mazarin frequently visited him, the latter holding conversation with him for some length of time, in Latin, Spanish, and Italian. How he could have obtained such great knowledge; by what means a child so young could possibly have become so learned and accomplished was to all a puzzle and a mystery. He would study hard, even during the hours of the night, clinging to his books as though he loved nothing on earth so well, and willingly writing with promptness and ease on any subject offered to him. Wonderfully observant, every thing which he saw and heard commanded his attention, and excited his interest. Pale and sickly, his little frame seemed unable to bear up under the rapid growth of his powerful and gifted mind. Per-

suaded that this child must eventually become a most eminent poet, Mazarin gave him every encouragement to improve and persevere. He conferred on him an annuity of five hundred francs, presented him with a gold watch studded with brilliants, and a collection of the best French and foreign poets. At the age of thirteen, Francis Beauchateau was taken by his parents from his studies, the family physician asserting that he would die unless his books were removed. The boyish sports relished by others of his age did not amuse him, and, deprived of his favorite authors, he became sad and disheartened. At this period, a collection of his poems was published, under the title of 'The Lyre,' the only existing copy of which, now known, is to be found in the Royal Library of Paris.

Recovering his health in a degree, and desirous of increasing his stock of knowledge, Francis was permitted to learn the English language, at that time much cultivated in France. In

order to perfect himself in it he prevailed upon his parents to allow him to go over to England, in the suite of the French ambassador, who had offered his protection. His fame followed him to London, where he was a greater object of attraction than he had even been at Paris. Oliver Cromwell, then Protector of England, conversed much with this extraordinary youth, and expressed himself greatly surprised at his attainments. Flattered by the men and caressed by the women, an ordinary child would have been rendered vain and conceited; but Francis, indifferent to the admiration which he excited, was displeased with every thing which interrupted him in the acquisition of useful information. He was a striking example of a mature intellect residing in a youthful frame.

While in England, he was highly delighted by a suggestion to travel to Egypt, made by a priest, who proposed to accompany him to that interesting land. They secretly left London

and embarked in a small vessel from Plymouth. From that time, nothing was ever heard of the young genius. It is supposed that he perished, with the runaway priest, and the whole crew, in a storm. He was then in his fourteenth year.

JOHN PHILIP BARATIER.

Born at Schwabach, Germany, in 1721. *Died at Berlin, in* 1740.

The father of this extraordinary youth was a Protestant clergyman in Schwabach, and devoted all the time which he could spare from his parochial duties to the education of his son. So great was his proficiency, and so surprising his mental capacity, that under this instruction, young Baratier is said to have understood three languages besides his own, before he was seven years old. He was the wonder of his native town, and Schwabach is, even to this day, known only, in many parts of Germany, as the birthplace of 'John Philip Baratier.' He acquired such a knowledge of the Hebrew language, that, in the course of six

months, he could read, in the original, with facility, the historical books of the 'Old Testament;' and, at the age of nine years, could not only translate the Hebrew text into Latin and French, but could even re-translate, afterwards, these versions into Hebrew. When ten years old, he compiled a Hebrew lexicon, and translated the 'Travels of the Rabbi Benjamin,' from Hebrew into French; to both of which works he added such able and learned annotations, that the professed literati of that age pronounced them most talented and wonderful productions. Had not the veracious Stapf, who was his neighbor, related these facts, with many particulars of his childhood, too circumstantial to publish in this small work, we should be strongly disposed to regard this life as fabulous; but with such convincing proof as can be obtained, there is not the slightest reason for doubt or denial. In his twelfth year, this prodigy made a voluminous collection of the ancient writings issued during the first centu-

ries; reading every author in the original, and preferring his own translation to any of those which were offered to him.

On the 21st day of January, 1735, the 'Academy of Sciences' at Berlin, received a most ably written scientific letter, accompanying an ingenious method of finding the longitude at sea. This excited great attention, and much curiosity prevailed in relation to the anonymous writer. When he was discovered to be a mere child, the astonishment was extreme; and, from that period, becoming extensively known, his fame reached the ears of the King of Prussia, who urgently invited him to visit Berlin. Being, at first, disinclined to leave home, he was, at length, prevailed upon by his father to depart, — who placed before him the great advantage which might follow his acceptance of this flattering invitation. On his way to the capital of Prussia, he passed through Leipsic, and there, having gained an introduction to some men of letters, he re-

mained for some time; and so distinguished himself in his intercourse with the learned, that he was cordially entertained by men of the highest rank and influence.

On one occasion happening to be present during the public performances in the university, and being desired to give his views upon a certain position in mathematics, he, without previous preparation, spoke for two hours with such eloquence and profundity of thought, that the professors unanimously declared him an honorary member of their body; and afterwards attended him to his lodgings, with complimentary honors, and a degree of enthusiasm never before exceeded in that literary city.

Soon after arriving at Berlin, young Baratier had an audience with the king, who was so enchanted with his conversation and manners, that he entreated him to come, every day, to the palace. The President of the Royal Academy at Berlin, being requested to ascertain, by examination,

the extent of Baratier's acquirements, reported to the king, that he found this young German perfectly acquainted with Rabbinical literature, the Oriental tongues, civil and ecclesiastical history, and withal found him to be a superior mathematician and philosopher; in short, that he considered him capable of competing with the best informed members of the society over which he presided. Soon afterwards, our young scholar was, with the usual ceremonies, elected a member of that Academy, then among the highest of European institutions. This mark of attention was highly flattering, inasmuch as no young man had ever before received a similar honor; provision not having been made for the election of members under twenty-one years of age; it being probably supposed, that no one under that age could be qualified for such a station.

Once, having failed in giving a satisfactory answer to a legal question propounded by the Prussian monarch, he was jestingly told that he had better

study law, before he professed to be a 'learned man.' Extremely mortified by this remark, and ashamed of displaying ignorance upon any point, he immediately shut himself up in his room, and for many months diligently applied himself to this study. When he believed himself acquainted with the subject, he defended a thesis before the law school, which gained him applause and credit far surpassing that attending any previous effort. But the intense application requisite to satisfy his ambition, and such constant mental exertion, unrelieved by sufficient bodily exercise, so undermined a constitution, never very vigorous, that he was soon forced to confine himself to his bed, from which he never arose; for, from that time growing rapidly worse, he, at last, on the fifth day of October, 1740, at the age of nineteen, resigned his soul, with confidence, into the hands of his merciful Creator.

Young Baratier was, in person, slender, yet very well formed; of an engaging countenance, and pleasing

manners. He was kind-hearted, virtuous, strictly temperate, and cheerful, to the last hour of his life. Being uncommonly benevolent, he attended at once to every application made to him by the humblest beggar, and frequently gave the last dollar which he possessed, to the poverty-stricken and unfortunate. His generosity was so extreme, that, without regard to his own wants, which were but poorly supplied, he had been repeatedly seen, on leaving his abode, to empty his purse into the first hand extended to him for charity. When his death was known, the poor came in crowds to pay respect to his remains, and followed them to the grave, in company with many of the most wealthy and influential men of Berlin.

MICHAEL VERIN.

Born at Florence, in Italy, in 1468. *Died at the same place, in* 1483.

This youth, who was singularly talented and amiable, was placed in early life, by his parents, in a seminary at Rome; where he made such rapid progress, that, at ten years of age, he was familiar with all the books used in the school. Easily outstripping all his young companions in the road to learning, he stood at the head of a large class of pupils, many of whom were nearly twice his age. He observed method and regularity in his studies, devoting certain hours of each day to different pursuits, and employing every moment to the best advantage. He read with especial delight

the works of the ancient poets and philosophers, and was in the habit of transcribing in a little blank-book the most judicious maxims and reflections of Homer, Horace, Virgil, Cicero, and others. He prepared, when only fourteen, a large work for the press, composed of the excellent selections which he had thus made. This was published, and received great applause from the most learned men of that age.

The admirable disposition and kindness of heart which Michael Verin displayed, is as deserving of praise as his uncommon proficiency in study. Correct in his deportment, civil and accommodating to his equals, most polite and respectful to his elders, and unassuming in his manners, young Michael won the respect and affection of all who knew him.

A love of sincerity and truth was so conspicuous in his character, and he shunned with such strong abhorrence the least approach to prevarica-

tion and falsehood, that he acquired the glorious appellation of 'Verus,' a Latin word, signifying 'Truth.'

Entirely free from envy and arrogance, which is too apt to prevail with the ambitious, he was always very anxious to remove the mortification of those who attempted, without success, to equal him in acquirements. The following instance of his considerate delicacy in this particular, is related by his Italian biographer. One of his fellow-students, named Belvicino, by many years his senior, and ashamed to be surpassed by one so young, studied constantly and with extreme diligence to gain the first prize, which Michael had always received. Being unsuccessful, and finding that he could not, with all his efforts, equal our young student in any branch of study, Belvicino was seen to grow thin from day to day, until he was regarded as one about to die. Disappointed ambition was undermining his health and destroying his life. Michael, who was greatly

attached to Belvicino, saw with extreme anxiety the hazardous condition of his friend. He ascertained the cause of his illness, and with magnanimity, resolved to relinquish the prize which was next to be awarded, and which he was conscious that he could easily obtain. He therefore, at the succeeding day of examination, committed many intentional errors in his lesson, and the prize was awarded to Belvicino, whose unexpected success was the means of his restoration to health.

Verin never boasted of this sacrifice. It was a noble deed to yield the victory to another, at the expense of his own reputation, when he knew how easily it would have been gained by him. It was more noble still to conceal this praiseworthy action. His friends were astonished at his apparent neglect of study and unusual stupidity, but he never told for what purpose he was content to take the second place. It would never have been known except through his tutor,

who one day questioned him so closely as to the gross errors which he committed in the examination, that, unaccustomed to concealment, he confessed what had he had done, and implored him not to inform any one else.

Thus lived, universally esteemed, this promising scholar, until his fifteenth year, when on the 17th day of June, 1783, he lost his life by being drowned in the Tiber. Having accompanied a few companions on a walk into the country, he was induced by them to bathe in the river; and having waded beyond his depth, he was wafted by the current afar from the banks; being unable to swim well, he soon became exhausted, and sank to rise no more.

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